

FROM ST. LOUIS TO ST. PAUL AND NEW-YORK.

From Our Own Reporter.

NEW-YORK, June 18, 1857.

The letter which was to have been sent from the Mississippi and finished at Niagara, I find myself just putting pen to here in New-York. Why this is, however has traveled seven consecutive days without finding himself between Christian sheets, or has for three days eaten what the captain of a Mississippi boat sets before his guests, or has felt the great catarrh and the rapid altogether too much for him, can readily imagine. Others may guess.

In order to "do" St. Paul within the stipulated time, it was necessary to leave St. Louis the very morning after the celebration, while our first impressions of the city—were, as perhaps, as true as any the traveler receives—were still fresh. New-York seemed to me almost reproduced in this thriving metropolis of the Mississippi Valley, which, although in a Slave State, has an air of Freedom in the activity of its business, the character of its population, and the tone of society. None, indeed, but an essentially free city could have made the Railroad Celebration what it was.

At many points in the course of my journey was I, indeed, impressed with the essentially Anti-Slavery character of the West. Men from "Egypt," genuine Egyptian Snickers I found, who look upon slavery rightly from an economical point of view, speaking of it as a blight upon the country and contrasting Iowa with Missouri in that lands in the one soil at double the price of those within a river's breadth in the other. In St. Louis hotel, too, I chanced upon a Southerner, who said that he had been "raised at the breast of a slave woman," but was telling some home truths to a wife of the Know Nothing Convention, a friend and fellow-citizen of Erasmus Brooks. At Cincinnati I was struck by a fact similar to that mentioned by my Hoosier friend. In company with Col. T., who owns half of Newport, Kentucky—2,000 acres in the heart of the town and along the Licking—I went to the top of a house whence was the finest view of Cincinnati to be had anywhere. Thence we saw a valley stretching from our very feet to the mountains up which Cincinnati was slowly trying to climb. We at once said: "Why, this valley is one; the finest and 'largest portion of it is on this side of the river; this side has superior advantages; Cincinnati must grow 'hitherward instead of crawling up hill.' But, no; he was sure it could only be a suburb—a draw of water and sewer of wood for Cincinnati. Why, but because Freedom moors all the steamboats to Ohio wharves!"

Were I the first voyager on the Mississippi, I would try my hand at describing some of those grand bluffs between which it more or less leisurely flows; I would speculate upon the history of the columns of limestone which give almost every one of these bluffs which they crown the appearance of half-overgrown castles, and would try to set forth how neatly, whenever the hills recede, a village is dropped into the plain which they leave. But are there not guide-books? The worst thing about the Mississippi is its water; but for which it would be perfect. But pure, it is pure and half-and-half mud Mississippi in tumbler, or quite as bad, decocted into tea, is intolerable, and results in parched lips and Summer complaint. Mississippi and brandy we could stomach, though even that was unpalatable. We were surprised to see so little characteristic Mississippi life on the boats. No racing, no gambling; emigrants and tourists have taken away the romance of the river, and the high-pressure engines merely puff along from one stopping-place to another, the boats running their huge lat bottoms ashore when occasion requires. The Orb, in which we came down the river, was a chance boat, which, after advertising to start on Sunday, and ringing her bell at intervals for two days, finally got under way at 9 o'clock Tuesday evening. At the end of the first three hours, she stopped to wood-up, a matter of time. Twenty more, and she ran ashore, and stayed there three or four hours, to enable the Captain to do up some unfinished business. Morning found us but sixty miles from the point of departure. Then came a head-wind, which embarrassed the Orb, especially as she was a stern-wheeler. When we got to Lake Pepin, an expansion of the river, some forty miles long and four or five wide, its scenery reminding one of Lake Champlain, the Captain inadvertently landed a passenger on a lee-shore. In the attempt to head down stream again, we expended three hours, the Orb revolving fruitlessly on her axis all that time. N. B.—The wary traveler should always select a chance boat and a stern-wheeler.

St. Anthony's Falls are not what one would expect of the Mississippi. They are little more than a continuation of the Rapids, a series of irregular jumps with some foam and noise. And now they are so crowded by saw and flouring mills, as to make a much poorer show than they must have done years ago. The Falls of Minnehaha, on a small creek emptying into the Mississippi about midway between St. Paul and St. Anthony's, inspire a fresh interest in Hinawatha. The fall is about seventy feet, and reminds one of the Catskill Falls, except that Minnehaha is more exquisitely beautiful. Literally laughing water she is, a merry girl, tripping down hill. She does not surprise, she charms you, and you linger and linger to make her better acquaintance.

St. Paul is finely situated upon two plateaus, the lower whereof is used for business streets, while the other is beginning to be dotted with handsome residences. The whole town rests upon a bed of limestone, lying in layers so that cellars are perfect. Much has been said about the climate of Minnesota. I can vouch for it as most excellent in Summer. In the neighborhood of St. Paul the air is as bracing as among mountains, and keeps one in a constant state of exhilaration. The Winters are, by universal testimony on the spot, though long—the river is usually closed from late November to late May—and cold, very dry, so that the temperature is less severe in point of feeling, though lower by the thermometer than in New-York. Prof. Maury has recently stated that but eight inches of snow fall a month on the average, deduced from official observations. In Summer, the rains mostly come in the night, accompanied by magnificent displays of lightning, one of which we had the good fortune to see on the Mississippi; it was certainly one of the finest things of the kind upon which I ever set eyes.

St. Paul is worth seeing, for it epitomizes the West. In its business streets, land-offices alternate with grog-shops. The clerk in a hardware store has saved something out of his \$500 a year, and put it in real estate. The German, only a year in the country, whom the stable-keeper sends as your driver, has a claim of twenty-five acres up river. Everybody is a freeholder, and almost everybody borrows to become so, though money is at 40 per cent. In the town, which was offered less than a dozen years ago, to a Dutchman down the river, for two barrels of whiskey and a half barrel of peach-brandy, and refused at those terms by him, a little dog-hole of a store rents at \$500 a year, and corner lots sell at incredible prices. Splendid hotels are full to the caves with one class, while other lives on a corner of its property and drives its own carriage. The horses are as fine and the ladies as showily dressed as in any place one can name. And when there is sleighing, I am told, the handsomest turnouts in the world are to be seen here. Stores are open almost all night and people give themselves little or no time to breathe. In so fast a place there is, of course, no leisure to attend to the streets. The stranger who strolls up the principal business avenue running along the river, is warned not to walk off "the cliff," and in his anxiety to avoid that result, finds himself precipitated down a chasm which yawns in the midst of the street and through which a little brook flows as though used to it. The streets would, indeed, throughout challenge comparison with those of New-York.

In taking the customary drive to St. Anthony and Minneapolis, which lie on opposite banks of the river some eight miles above St. Paul, and are—the latter, which is only three years old, especially—very fast-growing towns, one cannot but wonder how these towns-people are to be kept alive; where their food is to come from. On the magnificent plateau, comprising an area of from twenty to thirty square miles of the finest arable land, which lies between Minneapolis and Fort Snelling, there are not more than 25 farm-houses away from the villages, and the disproportion between the town and the country is almost as great near St. Paul. Throughout the West I was struck with the tendency to run to villages, even on the prairies the isolated houses appearing to be few and far between. The Michigan famine will not be long without its fellows, if the consumers are to outnumber the producers to so alarming an extent as they would seem to do now in the West of the West. The man for possessing land will soon, it is earnestly to be hoped, give place to a man for tilling that already in possession. Speculation in real estate is meaningless in the highest sense if the real estate speculated in be not used for the purposes for which it was created. The greatest agricultural country in the world, in parts of which corn dropped into the fresh-turned furrows as it lies, and not hoed at all, yields one hundred bushels to the acre, must speedily meet with him who will not subdue the soil, but use what he finds subdued to his hand. What has occurred in the older Western States makes such a result a matter of course in time. Will it arrive soon enough? One would say not, judging from the emigration that sets thitherward. In the day and a half that we were coming down the Mississippi we met half a dozen boats, every inch of which was filled by a passenger. A Milwaukee paper estimates this year's emigrants into Wisconsin at one hundred thousand, and in Minnesota and Iowa they will doubtless be twice as many.

At the table this consumer and producer question stares one the face fearfully. Who shall feed a people that eat like this Western people? Not for the love of it at all apparently, with little or no choice or relish of food, but as a thing to be done, and to be done quickly. As you go further West, the cars stop less and less time for meals, until the half-hour for dinner is shortened to a matter of ten minutes. But no one has a right to complain, in a country where the majority travel like this, of either too different or can be perceived in the quality of the prairie. The whole may safely be marked as number one.

For the two last-mentioned points, Henderson is the most convenient landing place. The great want of the country at present is good roads. The settler soon gets up a cabin sufficient for his family; if prudent, he brings with him a stock of clothing and means to buy provisions, but the roads over which he must haul his stuff to his new home are, in a rainy season, apt to be execrable. A few long sloughs, which it is impossible to get around, effectually spoil the road for loaded teams, and for the present act as an embargo upon travel. Both the roads here and the exception of these, are possible intervals between boiled and roast. How I wish Dickens could give us an annual number of notes on America!

Not is this centralizing tendency of the West beneficial to the character of its inhabitants. Many of the prairie villages, along the line of the Illinois Central, for example, are dwelt in by the roughest of the rough, who seek excitement in fights with the railroad operatives, at the circus, and in deep potations of brandy, the best quality whereof sells at 37 cents per gallon, and whisky, four gallons of which are sold for a dollar. Men need the stimulus of farming, the genial presence of women, and the invigorating influence of more out-of-door pursuits.

Of course I have been speaking of tendencies, and have put extreme instances. There is another side of the matter of which less need be said, because it is a view common among Eastern people. To many the West is all sunshine,—no lottery, but a high and straight road to fortune,—the skies are fair and the people as excellent as the soil is rich and the scenery splendid. Such would be almost my own feeling as regards those parts of the country where civilization has had time to crystallize, and one can see everywhere signs that the whole advances to that ideal state. The masses of the people are in some respects much better than ours, more frank, outspoken and hearty. They seem more true than we of the East. Would they give themselves time to think, talk and enjoy, they would speedily be molded into one of the best classes of men. Numerous are the villages which delight the stranger by their picturesqueness of situation, or the taste which has laid them out. But among them all, Madison, the capital of Wisconsin, bears away the palm. I can well understand how an acquaintance of mine, a young man just entering upon the practice of the law, should, merely on the strength of a sunset view of the village as she sits between two lakes, all embowered in trees, decide to make his home there, though with no previous intention of leaving New-York.

On my way homeward I passed through well-known places and saw familiar sights. At Chicago I went over one of the immense grain warehouses, capable of containing six or seven hundred thousand bushels. At Detroit we found the low, irregular, old-fashioned and republican brown house of Gen. Cass, and saw him in his study at work.

In the course of my wanderings, I fell in with an intelligent old man, fresh from Kansas. Originally from New-York, he had lived all along the Mississippi Valley as low down as Texas. Latterly he had farmed it in Michigan, whence he emigrated to Kansas last April with seventy of his neighbors. They, with an other party which joined them there, located their claims on the Neosho, in the southern part of the Territory. Many took their wives and children with them, while others came back for theirs. My friend, whose opportunities of observation I state in order to give his opinion more weight, regards Kansas as the finest country in the world. It is exceedingly well watered, every stream being fringed with a heavy growth of oak, black walnut, &c., to a width of from 80 rods to a mile, and in the main it consists of rolling prairie. The soil is exceedingly fertile, bearing 100 bushels of corn to the acre, when first plowed. Some of it is as rich as the American Bottoms of the Mississippi. The old man showed me a Kansas hickory nut to bear out his assertions, which was bigger than an English shagbark, and could have swallowed three or four hickories as the boys sold through the cars.

I inquired with regard to the character of the population and the necessity of carrying firearms. He answered—and herein would seem to lie the explanation of many of the contradictory accounts one hears—that a distinction was to be taken. Along the border line, at such places as Leavenworth City, Lawrence, &c., there were undoubtedly many desperadoes in the Free-State as well as the Pro-Slavery party, political adventurers and real-estate speculators—men whom the exigencies and roughness of a border warfare, as well as the gambling tendencies of a new country, had called into activity and endowed with a temporary importance. Among them a person would do well to be cautious, and would naturally arm himself. Another gentleman with whom I conversed, who visited this part of Kansas, observed that he never saw a set of men so thoroughly armed as at Leavenworth. But my Neosho settler said that it was very different when one got away from the cities. His own party had but five or six rifles in all, and not a single pistol, so far as he knew. There was no speculation in real estate in the country, but people went to work at once. What settlers he met with were of the best men in the world, the bone and sinew of New-York, Iowa, Michigan and Ohio, chiefly—the men to go into the new Territory and make it a Free State. The emigration from the above named States was enormous. Frequently at nightfall he would count on the patch of prairie within his horizon fifteen or twenty tents, pitched by different parties, on their way to locate claims. My other informant rendered similar testimony. He was struck at seeing fine, stalwart, six-foot fellows, sometimes with, sometimes without families, striking into the prairies, frequently carrying only a rifle, a hoe, a revolver and a basket, and, thus simply, beginning civilization. Thirty thousand people had, he said, according to the records in St. Louis, taken the Pacific Railroad from St. Louis this Spring, and twenty thousand more

had gone down the Missouri or across the country. Both agreed that the Free-State party was overwhelming in the majority. My traveling informant, who is a New-Yorker, surprised as he was to see Kansas so infant, but a lusty stripling, who had already strangled the serpent sent in to destroy her, was quite as much surprised to see the decrepitude into which Missouri had fallen. People who once made forays into Kansas to do its voting, have now moved there to help do its business, finding now to do over the border line. Weston and the adjoining towns are all but deserted. If Missouri would not be outdone by her young sister even before she is admitted into the Union, she must follow the example of St. Louis by electing an Emancipation Governor and Legislature.

CENTRAL MINNESOTA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

HENDERSON, St. Cloud Co., Minnesota, June 10, 1857.

I do not remember seeing in your paper any full notice of the valley of the Minnesota River. As a resident of that region, and as one fully identified with its prosperity, I propose to bring to the notice of your readers a tract of country which has been truly styled the garden of Minnesota. Following the river road from St. Paul up, after passing Shekape, a town 25 miles from St. Paul, the traveler is never out of sight of the big woods, the largest body of timber in Minnesota; and for 15 miles this road is altogether in the woods. Near the edge of this body of timber, lies the place from which I date my letter. East and south-east of us, for 30 miles, lies an unbroken forest, in which every eligible location is already taken. To the west lies a body of prairie that for fertility cannot be surpassed. The road running west from this place passes, for the first four and a half miles, through light timber and brushy openings. Upon the open prairie the road branches off to Fort Ridgely, west 40 miles, and to Glenwood, north-west 35 miles. Both these roads lie in sight of timber, and in traveling the whole length of either no difference can be perceived in the quality of the prairie. The whole may safely be marked as number one.

For the two last-mentioned points, Henderson is the most convenient landing place. The great want of the country at present is good roads. The settler soon gets up a cabin sufficient for his family; if prudent, he brings with him a stock of clothing and means to buy provisions, but the roads over which he must haul his stuff to his new home are, in a rainy season, apt to be execrable. A few long sloughs, which it is impossible to get around, effectually spoil the road for loaded teams, and for the present act as an embargo upon travel. Both the roads here and the exception of these, are possible intervals between boiled and roast. How I wish Dickens could give us an annual number of notes on America!

Not is this centralizing tendency of the West beneficial to the character of its inhabitants. Many of the prairie villages, along the line of the Illinois Central, for example, are dwelt in by the roughest of the rough, who seek excitement in fights with the railroad operatives, at the circus, and in deep potations of brandy, the best quality whereof sells at 37 cents per gallon, and whisky, four gallons of which are sold for a dollar. Men need the stimulus of farming, the genial presence of women, and the invigorating influence of more out-of-door pursuits.

Of course I have been speaking of tendencies, and have put extreme instances. There is another side of the matter of which less need be said, because it is a view common among Eastern people. To many the West is all sunshine,—no lottery, but a high and straight road to fortune,—the skies are fair and the people as excellent as the soil is rich and the scenery splendid. Such would be almost my own feeling as regards those parts of the country where civilization has had time to crystallize, and one can see everywhere signs that the whole advances to that ideal state. The masses of the people are in some respects much better than ours, more frank, outspoken and hearty. They seem more true than we of the East. Would they give themselves time to think, talk and enjoy, they would speedily be molded into one of the best classes of men. Numerous are the villages which delight the stranger by their picturesqueness of situation, or the taste which has laid them out. But among them all, Madison, the capital of Wisconsin, bears away the palm. I can well understand how an acquaintance of mine, a young man just entering upon the practice of the law, should, merely on the strength of a sunset view of the village as she sits between two lakes, all embowered in trees, decide to make his home there, though with no previous intention of leaving New-York.

On my way homeward I passed through well-known places and saw familiar sights. At Chicago I went over one of the immense grain warehouses, capable of containing six or seven hundred thousand bushels. At Detroit we found the low, irregular, old-fashioned and republican brown house of Gen. Cass, and saw him in his study at work.

In the course of my wanderings, I fell in with an intelligent old man, fresh from Kansas. Originally from New-York, he had lived all along the Mississippi Valley as low down as Texas. Latterly he had farmed it in Michigan, whence he emigrated to Kansas last April with seventy of his neighbors. They, with an other party which joined them there, located their claims on the Neosho, in the southern part of the Territory. Many took their wives and children with them, while others came back for theirs. My friend, whose opportunities of observation I state in order to give his opinion more weight, regards Kansas as the finest country in the world. It is exceedingly well watered, every stream being fringed with a heavy growth of oak, black walnut, &c., to a width of from 80 rods to a mile, and in the main it consists of rolling prairie. The soil is exceedingly fertile, bearing 100 bushels of corn to the acre, when first plowed. Some of it is as rich as the American Bottoms of the Mississippi. The old man showed me a Kansas hickory nut to bear out his assertions, which was bigger than an English shagbark, and could have swallowed three or four hickories as the boys sold through the cars.

I inquired with regard to the character of the population and the necessity of carrying firearms. He answered—and herein would seem to lie the explanation of many of the contradictory accounts one hears—that a distinction was to be taken. Along the border line, at such places as Leavenworth City, Lawrence, &c., there were undoubtedly many desperadoes in the Free-State as well as the Pro-Slavery party, political adventurers and real-estate speculators—men whom the exigencies and roughness of a border warfare, as well as the gambling tendencies of a new country, had called into activity and endowed with a temporary importance. Among them a person would do well to be cautious, and would naturally arm himself. Another gentleman with whom I conversed, who visited this part of Kansas, observed that he never saw a set of men so thoroughly armed as at Leavenworth. But my Neosho settler said that it was very different when one got away from the cities. His own party had but five or six rifles in all, and not a single pistol, so far as he knew. There was no speculation in real estate in the country, but people went to work at once. What settlers he met with were of the best men in the world, the bone and sinew of New-York, Iowa, Michigan and Ohio, chiefly—the men to go into the new Territory and make it a Free State. The emigration from the above named States was enormous. Frequently at nightfall he would count on the patch of prairie within his horizon fifteen or twenty tents, pitched by different parties, on their way to locate claims. My other informant rendered similar testimony. He was struck at seeing fine, stalwart, six-foot fellows, sometimes with, sometimes without families, striking into the prairies, frequently carrying only a rifle, a hoe, a revolver and a basket, and, thus simply, beginning civilization. Thirty thousand people had, he said, according to the records in St. Louis, taken the Pacific Railroad from St. Louis this Spring, and twenty thousand more

had gone down the Missouri or across the country. Both agreed that the Free-State party was overwhelming in the majority. My traveling informant, who is a New-Yorker, surprised as he was to see Kansas so infant, but a lusty stripling, who had already strangled the serpent sent in to destroy her, was quite as much surprised to see the decrepitude into which Missouri had fallen. People who once made forays into Kansas to do its voting, have now moved there to help do its business, finding now to do over the border line. Weston and the adjoining towns are all but deserted. If Missouri would not be outdone by her young sister even before she is admitted into the Union, she must follow the example of St. Louis by electing an Emancipation Governor and Legislature.

We have had an abundance of material for brick-making. This also would be a paying enterprise. Wood, dry and seasoned, and lying upon the ground, is plenty in the forests; clay is found in our ravines and the flats drained by them. The presence of a limestone pebble sometimes spoils the brick, by forming lime, which bursts it in shattering; but enough pure clay can be had for all the brick that is needed. A good article at present commands \$1.50 per M. A brick made of present material would be a good material. Upon forty acres of Minnesota timber land it is not difficult to find wood enough to burn the bricks for a house of given dimensions than saw-logs sufficient to build it of good lumber.

Good claims can be had twelve miles west of this place, either all prairie or all timber. These wish-

ing to take claims and move out in the Fall with their families, have now an excellent opportunity for doing so. There is no danger of losing them during a temporary and necessary absence, provided proper improvements are made. A settler who will break a few acres upon a claim, put up a habitable shanty, file a declaratory statement in the Land Office, and then set out for his family, will be indulged in any reasonable time for so necessary an absence. A distinction is made between absence and abandonment, when the subsequent course shows the settler to be bona fide. The Register and Receiver of our Land Office are deservingly popular. They are thoroughly accommodating. Their office hours, when business is pressing, comprise the whole twenty-four, excepting the time reserved for eating and sleeping.

We have an abundance of material for brick-making. This also would be a paying enterprise. Wood, dry and seasoned, and lying upon the ground, is plenty in the forests; clay is found in our ravines and the flats drained by them. The presence of a limestone pebble sometimes spoils the brick, by forming lime, which bursts it in shattering; but enough pure clay can be had for all the brick that is needed. A good article at present commands \$1.50 per M. A brick made of present material would be a good material. Upon forty acres of Minnesota timber land it is not difficult to find wood enough to burn the bricks for a house of given dimensions than saw-logs sufficient to build it of good lumber.

NOTES ON THE MAURITIUS.

I.—THE VOYAGE THITHER.

It was cheerless enough to leave the pleasant town of Nantes, where we had been received with so much true kindness and generous hospitality, and betake ourselves, on a dull, dismal, misty morning in February, on board a small steamboat for the little town of Paimbœuf, one of the ports of Nantes, St. Nazaire being the other. We found many ships there waiting for a fair wind—only one, however, being bound, like ourselves, for the lonely Isle of Mauritius, known to all lovers of romance as the Isle of Paul and Virginia.

On a bright, sunny day, Paimbœuf is a pleasant little town, with a long street on the edge of the water, at the end of which, extending into the sea, is a hill where a man is stationed to watch for vessels. On this hill is a shrine to the Virgin, and here are the first joyous greetings, and here the last sad partings. A sweeter or sadder spot one cannot easily find. Far out on the blue sea lies the receding bark, bearing the hopes of that sad group, prevented by their tear-blinded eyes from seeing what is now the home of their loved ones. Very odd it is to watch them, as with heavy hearts and weary steps they turn toward the shrine, and hang before the Virgin their little wreaths of prayer, and violet that they had almost for the last time, and voluntarily valuing their lives as they bow in prayer.

Very odd it is to watch them, as with heavy hearts and weary steps they turn toward the shrine, and hang before the Virgin their little wreaths of prayer, and violet that they had almost for the last time, and voluntarily valuing their lives as they bow in prayer. We went down to the shrine, to pray, as had been her wont when her cherished husband was at sea, and very sad she always looked when she returned. One morning she took me to her room to show me the portrait of her husband, before which, in a small vase, was a bouquet of early violets, and there told me of her happy life. Poor thing, so young, so gentle, so sad, and yet so resigned and patient! Many months had her husband been absent; but one Summer's morning she made her usual pilgrimage, she knew that her prayers had been answered, for the good ship H. had entered the bay, and she had rounded the point, the joyous wife lay senseless at the shrine, a broken-hearted widow.

We were detained several days at Paimbœuf, and had time, when there was a glimpse of sun, to look about the town. We were surprised to see the grass green, the salads growing, and the wall flowers holding forth their heads, notwithstanding the cold weather. But although very damp and chilly, they rarely have severe frosts. The dampness, however, is more disagreeable than extreme cold, and it seems impossible for any fuel to warm one. There is of course at Paimbœuf, as in all other small towns, a street where are the shops. In these one can be provided with necessaries of a kind of sea-weed (very comfortable, by the way), tin bowls, pitchers, &c.; also, quaint hats and bonnets, to say nothing of heavy wooden shoes (in which the inhabitants of the town seem greatly to indulge), and all the other necessities of a long voyage. After having supplied ourselves with the usual requisites, we wandered on to look at the Laiterie, in which the Paimbœufians take great pride. This Laiterie is a large pond, with many flights of steps leading from the banks to the stone, and on these the people can wash and scrub to their heart's content, and then stretch their clothes on the green fields near them to dry. We saw many groups of light-hearted women returning home with their bundles of clothes on their shoulders, and a little child pulling at their gowns or holding their hands, while the careful elder sister or aunt who had taken care of the toddling wet things all the day, was busy looking about to see if anything had been left behind.

We saw a specimen of Norman beauty, the daughter of a wealthy farmer who came with her brother to spend the Sunday at our little hotel; and very pretty she looked, with her blue eyes, rosy cheeks and fair hair; very gay was the silk handkerchief around her neck, and very stately she sat in a huge arm-chair, with her feet on a small stool—for she had been quite too grand to wear wooden shoes, and was fine lady enough to feel chilly. Her only fear seemed to be lest the damp air or the sudden shower should take the stiffness out of her high-crowned cap.

After several days of impatient waiting, the captain informed us he should tarry no longer for a fair wind, and would start on Monday, but should be towed out of the bay by a steamer. So, collecting what were to be for the next three months our household gods, we descended the beautiful and well-built quay, and soon found ourselves on board the good ship. Our captain had the reputation of being kind, generous and obliging; our fellow-passengers seemed disposed to be agreeable; the day was clear and bright, and everything promised fair. One sad event took place, however, the first night out, which threw a gloom over the early part of our voyage. A severe storm came on about sunset, and increased rapidly. We were dashing on, 15 knots an hour, through a terrific sea, when a young man fell from the deck, and although two stout sailors tried to save him, it was impossible. The captain, being at the helm, immediately put the ship about. Ben-hcps, &c., were thrown out, but all in vain. He was the only son of his mother, and she a widow, and had been waiting three months to sail with our kind-hearted captain, who, to the end of the voyage, never ceased to regret his young friend.

The service on board French merchant ships differs somewhat from ours. Young men, well educated, serve as sailors, with the title of pilotage, and out in the cabin with the captain and passengers. They pass a very rigorous examination before becoming mates, and a still more strict one before being captains. The first mate on board our vessel was a man more than fifty years old, and the second was a young man, a Frenchman, and, in America, would have been captain years ago.

Our passengers, as I have said, were all disposed to be agreeable. There was Capt. H. M., Commander of the Port of Bourbon, who had been refreshing himself with a few months at Paris, and was now returning to Bourbon by the way of Mauritius, not having made the discovery until the voyage was nearly finished that there was no prospect of stepping at Bourbon. Capt. H. M. purposed to be of an illustrious family, and to have lost a leg at the battle of Navarino, and to have been a frequent guest of the Faubourg St. Germain, the part of Paris inhabited by the old aristocracy. So he, of course, had a right to take the opposite side in discussion, and to come down very positively upon the captain for his fondness for parties and amusements—to insist that they were provincial tastes, and not tolerated in the Faubourg St. Germain.

Then there was B., nephew of the lady for whom the present Emperor of France, in days past, threw himself into a lake to recover her bouquet, which she had accidentally let fall, and which he, kneeling on the greenward, gallantly but drippingly presented her. B. was fascinating, elegant, always amiable and obliging, whether enchanting us with his sweet singing, mimicking us to our faces, skinning an albatross, chasing the hens to get the laid eggs, or watching lest the poor cows should be worried by the dogs. Delightful concerts we had, sweet moonlight nights, the captain, the young and handsome Count de C., and L., whose sweet voice you would remember, all aiding. Then such grave discussions, and gay conversations, and grave discussions—always something new and agreeable. I was perpetually wondering at the inexhaustible stock of knowledge on all subjects possessed by these Frenchmen, and the wealth of words always at command. To the very last hour on board the vessel, there was still something interesting and new to be spoken of.

Our cargo consisted of mules and cows; it was a very valuable one, as only the most hardy of these animals can bear the long voyage. Five of the cows were of the best Norman breed, and on the eighth day out the most beautiful of them died. In the heat of the evening she was consigned to a watery grave, while the slow-worms of the sea came forth with their silver-hot torches, almost rivaling the stars in brilliancy, to welcome her.

One of the mates had several cages of Canary birds, and as we passed the Isles the little creatures twittered and sang, as though they knew they were passing their ancestral homes, and praying to be set free. Very pretty and pleasant seemed the Canary Isles, and much we longed to go ashore, although we had been only a week at sea. One of the Isles resembles a church with a high tower, and as you recede the illusion is perfect, until, while gazing, church and tower fade away in the dim twilight of the sea. As we passed by Africa we had a shower of red sand from the Desert of Sahara, it is said that the elevation of the Desert is gradually diminishing in consequence of the immense quantity of sand that is yearly blown into the sea.

Crossed the Line the 17th day out. In the morning spoke a vessel, which proved to be the J., bound for Rio, and commanded by a friend of our captain's, a very handsome, intelligent man, who dined with us, and left in the quiet evening, bearing with him our letters to the United States via Rio; the day for the sailors was a high holiday, and the natives in crossing the Line were of course showered with rain and pelted with hail (strongly resembling white beans) by some emissary of Neptune concealed in the shrouds. But when night came on the sea-god himself, trident and all, was actually seen hovering about the ship, while white lights were burning in all directions.

The weather until the 27th degree south was intensely hot. Our cabin was so uncomfortable that we dined on deck, enjoying at the same time the fresher air and the gorgeous sunsets which, in these latitudes, are beautiful beyond description. The clouds, particularly after a shower, take forms as of cities, with towers and castles. One night we saw what seemed to be a large lake surrounded with antique statues; another time there was a city with a large bay or harbor in blue and gold, and, as though to complete the illusion, two vessels appeared and sailed into the golden cloud, as though approaching the city. As the sun rose, however, the scene faded, and the clouds were seen to be only the reflection of the clouds above. One of the passengers insisted that a mistake had been made by the captain, and that we were actually approaching the Isle of Bourbon.

One day we saw three water-spouts; the last one turned our ship completely round, and for half a minute made a great commotion; but happily it passed away without doing any serious injury.

April 1.—We saw two large brown birds called cormorants (shearwaters), with wings larger than their bodies.

April 2.—Clouds at sunrise resembling the sunset-clouds of New-England at the commencement of Autumn; saw many whales.

April 3.—Calmer; a shark caught with a hook, and a very beautiful looking fish it is, gray outside, and white underneath, and a most uninviting mouth. A little fish, the remora, sometimes called pilot (as it is by some supposed to guide the shark), was near its mouth. The remora has a singular little instrument like a cup, by which it fastens itself to the shark. Whether it is nourished by the shark's blood, or whether it shares the shark's dinner, is not yet decided, but the learned say there is no reason to consider it as a pilot.

For three weeks advanced slowly, many short calms; saw green clouds; strange birds flying around the vessel; many were taken prisoners; some were eaten, some were stuffed, some died martyrs to science, some were set free, and some I saw as they were.

One beautiful gray bird, as large as a crow, with green and black and yellow beak and claws, reserved for a museum in Mauritius, was accidentally emancipated. Many albatrosses were caught with a hook, and after satisfying the curiosity of the learned, indignantly eaten by the sailors, who evidently had no fear of sharing the fate of the Ancient Mariner. Some of the albatrosses were perfectly white, others of the most delicate shades of brown. The feathers under their wings were very beautiful, and the down on their bodies much thicker than on the swan. They have beautiful-shaped necks, and indeed look truly regal, and after being caught stand as if they were a king or a queen.

Regarding their capture, and after being caught and stuffed, the guard captain was caught and stuffed. The bird is similar to the albatross, but much larger, being, I was told, the largest sea bird. The one in question was pure white, with the exception of a crest of rose-colored feathers. Pretty black birds, with white breasts, the size of a pigeon, were constantly around the vessel. The sailors say that they are haunted by the souls of wicked captains, and now come begging food for their punishment. When they rested, or where they made their nests, was and still is a mystery to me.

May 1, Sunday.—Sumptuous breakfast and dinner—the captain thinks it is our last Sunday on board.

May 2.—Great cleaning of the vessel. C. is very busy painting the coat of arms of Nantes, to put over the cabin door. Many birds seen. B. is, as usual, exclaiming, "A little more, a little more." The birds, and on deck to see this beautiful little bird, and to be peculiar to the Isles around Mauritius. Such waving of caps and handkerchiefs—such shouts of joy at the sight of their compatriots, as they call it. It is the last thing that speaks of home as they leave their loved island, and the first to welcome them on their return to their native shores. Very, very strong is the attachment of the Mauritians to their beautiful birthplace, and all had tears in their eyes as they watched the receding form of the little visitor.

The Paille en queue is about the size of a small pigeon, perfectly white, with two long feathers in its tail of a straw color, hence the name. Paille en queue is a straw in the tail. The birds from the Isle of Rodriguez have red feathers in their tails, but still are called Paille en queue.

Sunday, May 7.—A calm. Saw a beautiful red bird, large as an albatross, name unknown. In the sea, a great deal of the glutinous substance upon which the whales feed; some of it looks like globules of swollen sago; other particles like long fat worms, of a pale red color.

Monday, May 8.—Lat. 25, lon. 54, ther. 78; a little wind. Encountered a ship, the A. from Nantes; the captain came on board. Our chronometer out of order; we are out of the way, but now hope to go right.

Night.—Saw Scorpions. Orion sets a little before 9, they seem like old friends; saw to advantage the constellation of the ship.

Tuesday, May 10.—Good wind, but as we sailed early in the night, did not see Orion until 9 o'clock on Thursday morning. "A Paille en queue." One of the four little Isles on the east of Mauritius. By 3 o'clock we had glimpses of the island, but the clouds prevented our seeing it distinctly. We had a heavy squall and came very near being upset. Every man on board ran to help to pull at the ropes; the rain poured in torrents, and the ship danced on the waves like a cork-shell. Everything was in confusion; go-ahead clothes, bundle, trunks, and packages of every description rushed about in the wildest manner; but so happy were we that we were not wrecked, like poor Virginia, in sight of our paradise, that we joyfully endeavored to restore order. As the rain ceased the clouds cleared, and we again went on deck and distinctly saw the island with its trees of a deep, deep green.

As we turned around the point we saw the wonderful rock that bears so strong a resemblance at first to Napoleon, and afterward to Louis XVI. And then, while each one was trying to point out some well-remembered spot, the clouds shut down again, and the heavy rain compelled us to return to the cabin. We anchored about 7 o'clock in the evening, five miles from the city of Port Louis, too late for our telegraph to be seen, too late for the Health Officer to come on board, and not a little disappointed we unpacked various bundles, and prepared for another night on board ship.

Early, before the sun, we were all on deck, and simply compensated were for any disappointment of the previous night, for there before us was Mauritius, fresh and fair and green as though newly created; its picturesque hills and mountains rising among the crimson clouds, ready to welcome the slowly ascending sun. The air was fraught with perfumes, not only of the thousand flowers, but that more delicious odor of the woods, only to be appreciated by those who have been many months at sea. As the day advanced many boats, rowed by Indians, were seen dancing over the high waves. At length the long expected Health Officer made his appearance; and we were at last lowered into boats, and enabled to receive the greetings of those kind friends who had come out on that rough sea to escort us to the land. The wind blew, the spray dashed over us. Umbrellas were useless; nice hats and coats were drenched with salt-water. Romance was at a discount, and fortunate those who, sheltered by a body-guard, could occasionally obtain a peep at the lovely scene around them.